

DON'T YOU WISH YOU WERE A CAMEL NOW?



NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE,"
"RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW,"
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WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNENOVELIZED FROM
THE PHOTO PLAY
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Moving Pictures of each installment of "Neal of the Navy" will be shown every Friday night at the Dreamland Theatre.

(Continued from last issue)

Down in the village, at the little old hotel, Annette ordered out two horses. "I can't wait," she told her foster mother, Mrs. Hardin. "There's no use talking to me. I've got to go."

Annette started for the mission. Half way there two figures darted out from behind a hillock, and one of them seized her horse and brought her to a standstill. Terror-stricken, Annette saw that the two were Ponto and the Brute—two of the band of desperadoes whom she feared.

"Drag her off her horse," commanded Ponto of the Brute. The Brute obeyed. Ponto gave the horse a cut with the whip and the horse ambled off toward town.

At his command the Brute carried Annette across the desert, totally oblivious to her struggles and outcries. Ponto led the way, stopping from time to time to make pleasant remarks to Annette.

By this time they had reached the small, damp, dank oasis with its shading palms and its little pool of water. Ponto led the way into the very depths of this inviting green shelter. Then he struck the Brute on the shoulder.

"Now set her down," he commanded. The Brute obeyed. Annette gasped with surprise. She was not bound—she was free, untrammelled.

"What are you going to do with me?" queried Annette.

"Nothing, senorita," returned Ponto, bowing low.

Annette, wary, fearful, looked behind her as though she expected an attack from the rear. But there was no one to be seen. Beyond was the desert—there seemed to be no hiding places.

Ponto merely bowed again. "Senorita," he said, with a leer, "beauty in distress—ah me!—it touches my heart always. See. The mission lies yonder—behind you. Your path lies there. You are free."

Annette turned. Keeping her glance over her shoulder, to be ready for treachery, she slowly proceeded on her way.

Suddenly, without warning, she sank into the pit.

Ponto laughed in glee. "The stakes—they are like knives," he cried—they are deadly—they are for jaguars—and little wildcat headdresses—oh, yes—"

With a cry, Annette found herself falling helplessly into the unknown terror underneath.

"Help—help—help," she cried.

With a bound the Brute was upon her. He darted to the very edge of the pit, and with the surefootedness of an animal crouched there, throwing his entire body forward and catching her by the shoulders just as she disappeared from sight. He drew her back to terra firma. No sooner had he done so, however, than Ponto was upon them both, knife in hand, his teeth literally gnashing with rage.

He hurled a savage knife-thrust at the Brute—and missed. Then he threw himself upon Annette and half tore her in his frenzy from the Brute's grasp, cutting and slashing at them both with his wicked knife.

"I've got you now, you little wildcat," he panted in guttural Spanish. "down you go."

He thrust her savagely into the pit. Once more the Brute caught her—and in so doing swung the three of them around, so that their positions were reversed. Ponto, throwing caution to the winds, kept lunging at the two with his sharp weapon.

"I'll get you both," he yelled. "I'll get you both."

A moment later he was clawing at the air—but it was too late. Making frantic struggle to preserve his balance, he tottered over backward. There was the crash of a heavy body falling—a tearing, thudding sound—a ghastly, hideous scream—then silence.

CHAPTER LI.

The Jaguar's Mate.

A lieutenant from the battleship Missouri clapped Neal on the shoulder.

"Well," he said, "ensign, we're still following your girl. Pleasant occupation for you, eh?"

"Looks as if I'd do it all my life," said Neal, "but some day I hope to catch up to her."

The officers were in charge of a small squad of men who had landed at Santa Maria in Lower California, under orders from Washington, and under advice from the United States district attorney in California. They were on the track of a coal station—the United States wanted to make a treaty with a girl. The girl was here—somewhere.

"Hello," said Neal, "look. There's a horse—a riderless horse. Go on, boys—get it, double quick."

Three of the squad caught the horse and brought it to Neal.

"A woman's saddle," said Neal. His heart was in his throat. "Look!" He drew from the saddle an object that had caught there—one of a pair of woman's gloves.

"Annette's," he cried, "something has happened."

"Forward, double quick," commanded the lieutenant. "Well see."

At the hotel they found Mrs. Hardin and Joe, gazing anxiously off toward the mission. Neal caught his mother by the arm.

"Annette," he cried, "we caught her horse. Where is she?"

They told the story of her starting out.

"Not a moment to lose," exclaimed Neal, "come on boys—hurry all you can."

Meantime at the mission, Hernandez and Inez—with full confidence in Ponto's ability to delay the advent of Annette—had once more presented themselves before Brother Anselmo.

"We have been patient, father," said Hernandez, "and we trust that prayer—and sleep—have given you wisdom and enlightenment, and satisfied you of the justice of our claim."

"Ah, you speak truth, son," said Brother Anselmo. He rose and left the room, returning immediately with the iron box containing the documents in question. He set it down upon the table.

There was a hubbub outside in the courtyard. In the midst of it a door was thrust open, and the Brute strode in, carrying Annette in his arms—Annette, still only semiconscious—still suffering from the shock of that writhing figure at the bottom of the jaguar trap back there in the desert. Some instinct had led the Brute back to his master. He laid the figure of Annette upon the table with the air of one who has done his duty well.

"Brothers," cried Brother Anselmo, seeing Annette's plight, "quick—restoratives—succor for this young girl." Hernandez took advantage of the confusion—though he himself was confused beyond all peradventure. "Listen," he said to Inez, "I'll do the rest."

Unnoticed, Inez and the Brute obeyed. They left the room, hurried across the courtyard and disappeared. Hernandez watched them go. His coolness returned. Swiftly, with one bound, he was upon Brother Anselmo and had seized the iron box in his iron grasp.

In an instant he was across the room.

But—Brother Anselmo had done something more than pray and sleep in his quiet existence. He was an active, well-trained individual. With a loud cry he leaped across the intervening space, and bounded upon the shoulders of Hernandez.

"Help, help, brothers," he commanded.

There was help aplenty. Hernandez fought like a madman, but the brothers clung to him like leeches. Slowly, however, he worked his way toward the nearest exit—and then with a mighty wrench, he threw off all his assailants including Brother Anselmo, and darted, with a mighty leap out through the doorway.

He bounded into the arms of Neal Hardin and his squad.

Neal saw at a glance what had happened. He seized Hernandez' wrist.

the wrist of the hand and arm that held the iron box, and twisted it suddenly, painfully. Hernandez dropped the box—but jerked away from Neal, sprang to a window and disappeared. Behind him he heard the steady plup-plup of many footsteps—the steady lops of marines that eats up the long miles in less time than it takes to tell it.

"Damn them," said Hernandez. "I'll beat them to it yet."

Behind him the footsteps stopped. There was a report—a ping. Hernandez had reached the edge of the green oasis. He screamed with pain. It was as though a red hot iron had seared him. He had been hit in the arm.

"Damn you," he screamed in pain, "I'll beat you to it, yet."

With almost unseeing eyes he tore across the small green space—and then he stumbled, and slid, slid, slid—into what seemed a bottomless pit. He just escaped a stake—a bloody one. And he fell—or rather slumped—upon something soft and yielding. With another oath he rose to his feet and peered about him. Then he drew back in terror.

There lay Ponto—his mate—dead, distorted.

Hernandez screamed in terror—he was only human. This thing was horrible. A shadow startled him. He looked upward. The Brute was peering down—he was doing more—he slowly slid down into the pit and caught Hernandez in his grasp. Then, somehow, using his broad shoulders and his arms and knees he worked his way back again to terra firma, and drew Hernandez—groaning with the pain of his wound—up after him. Then with the nimbleness of a deer, the Brute—after slinging Hernandez upon his back—trotted off into the safety of the beyond.

Back at the monastery, Annette Ilington opened her eyes and looked into the face of Brother Anselmo.

"I am Annette Ilington," she exclaimed, "I am the heiress of the Lost Isle of Cinabar."

Brother Anselmo turned to Esdras Neal Hardin.

"Does she speak truth?" he queried.

"She does," said Neal, "and my government will back her to the limit. She is what she says she is. We all will vouch for that."

"Ah," mused Brother Anselmo, "what a wonderful thing is prayer—what a wonderful thing is sleep—"

He stopped. "I have prayed," he went on, slowly, puzzled, "but not yet have I solved the mystery of the eyes of that big man—the eyes—"

He stopped again. For the eyes of Annette Ilington were riveted upon him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To the Citizens of Malheur county:

I desire to announce that I will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for District Attorney at the coming primary election and solicit your support.

This office spends thousands of dollars of your money and I pledge myself to every economy consistent with good government. If elected I will devote my entire time and energy to the affairs of the office. Impartial enforcement of all laws, economy and suppression of useless litigation,—my platform.

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IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE
STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE
COUNTY OF MALHEUR.

SUMMONS.

Harriet E. Smith,

Plaintiff.

vs.

Allen Gilkey, Angie Gilkey, N. J. Minton, Effie L. Minton, G. W. Fletcher and Jane Doe Fletcher,

Defendants.

To Allen Gilkey, Angie Gilkey, N. J. Minton, Effie L. Minton, G. W. Fletcher and Jane Doe Fletcher, the above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 21st day of January, 1916, the same being the last day of the time prescribed by order of the court directing service of summons in said suit to be made upon you by publication; and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the said court for the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit:

For judgment against the defendants,

and each thereof for the sum of \$2,000.00 with ten per cent annual interest thereon from May 17th, 1910 and for \$300.00 attorney's fees, and for plaintiff's costs and disbursements in said suit; also for a decree of the court foreclosing that certain real mortgage executed by Allen Gilkey and Angie Gilkey to Henry A. Smith and Harriet E. Smith on May 17th, 1909, for the sum of \$2,000.00 upon certain lands in Malheur County Oregon, described in said mortgage and in said complaint, which said mortgage is of record in book J, page 190, of the Records of Real Mortgages for Malheur County, Oregon, and for all other relief demanded in said complaint.

You are further notified that this summons is served upon you by publication under and by virtue of an order of the Hon. Dalton Biggs, Judge of this court, which said order was made and entered in said cause on the 9th day of December, 1915, and directed that this summons be published once each week for six consecutive weeks in the Ontario Semi-weekly Argon, commencing with the issue of December 10th, 1915. The first publication of this summons is on December 10th, 1915 and the last publication is on January 20th, 1916.

McCulloch & Wood,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE
STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE
COUNTY OF MALHEUR.

SUMMONS.

Thomas W. Kimbrough,

Plaintiff

vs.

Benjamin F. Lambert,
Edna M. Lambert, and
Fred C. Belohlav,

Defendants.

To Benjamin F. Lambert, Edna M. Lambert, and Fred C. Belohlav, Defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON; You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled case on or before the 14th day of January, 1916, or if you fail to so answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded therein, to-wit, for the foreclosure of that certain mortgage given by defendants, Benjamin F. Lambert and Edna M. Lambert, on July 27th, 1912, to plaintiff, to secure a note for the sum of \$1,000.00, bearing interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from said date, and reasonable attorneys fees in case of suit, which mortgage was recorded in Book O of mortgages at page 322 of the records of Malheur County, Oregon, on the 2nd day of August, 1912, and which mortgage and debt so secured was assumed by defendant Fred C. Belohlav as part of the purchase price of the premises covered by said mortgage and which he agreed to pay.

Plaintiff also prays for costs of action, attorney's fees in sum of \$100.00, and for general relief.

You are further notified that this summons is served upon you by publication by order of the Honorable Dalton Biggs, Judge of the above entitled court, made and entered on the 26th day of November, 1915, directing that this summons be published once each week for six successive weeks beginning on the 3rd day of December, 1915, and ending on the 7th day of January, 1916, in the Ontario Argon, a newspaper published weekly at Ontario, Oregon, or in lieu thereof personal service may be made outside of the State of Oregon of said summons.

Dated this 26th., day of November, 1915.

LOT L. FELTHAM
JNO. R. WHEELER
Attorneys for Plaintiff.IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE
STATE OF OREGON, FOR THE
COUNTY OF MALHEUR.

SUMMONS.

Julia M. Fulkerson,

Plaintiff

vs.

Howard B. Fulkerson,

Defendant.

To Howard B. Fulkerson, Defendant: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 14th day of January, 1916, the same being the last day of the time prescribed by order of this court directing service of summons in said suit to be made upon you by publication; and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the said court for the relief demanded in said complaint, to-wit: for a decree of said Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and plaintiff, and grant-

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Oregon Short Line Time Table

Ontario, Oregon, November 8th 1914

TIME TABLE NO. 78

Westward

No.	Train	Leave
17	Oregon Wash. Ltd.	4:22 a. m.
75	Huntington pony	9:35 a. m.
19	Oregon Wash Exp.	6:33 p. m.
5	Fast Mail	6:10 p. m.

Eastward

No.	Train	Leave
18	Oregon Wash Ltd.	2:51 a. m.
76	Boise Pony	8:50 a. m.
4	Eastern Express	12:07 p. m.
6	Oregon Wash Exp.	6:33 p. m.

OREGON EASTERN BRANCH

Westward

No.	Train	Leave
139	Mixed, daily except Sunday for Riverside	12:20 p. m.

VALE & BROGAN BRANCH

Westward

No.	Train	Leave
141	Mixed Vale & Brogan	Daily except Sunday 10:00 a. m.
97	Pass. Vale daily	7:00 p. m.

Eastward

No.	Train	Leave
140	Mixed from Riverside	daily except Sunday 12:01 p. m.
98	Pass. from Vale, daily	8:40 a. m.
142	Mixed from Brogan & Vale daily except Sunday	3:30 p. m.

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